

THE  
RESTAURATION  
OF  
King CHARLES II.  
OR, THE  
LIFE and DEATH  
OF  
*Oliver Cromwell.*

An Histori-Tragi-Comi  
Ballad OPERA.

As it was forbid to be Acted at the  
New Theatre in the *Hay-Market.*

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— Let the gaul'd Jade wince, our Withers are  
unwring. HAMLET.  
*Honi soit qui mal Y Pence.* Motto of the Garter.

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L O N D O N :  
Printed for R. WALKER, near the Ship Tavern,  
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(Price One Shilling and Six-pence.)

THE  
LIFE AND DEATH  
OF  
KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY  
JAMES CLAYTON

OF THE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BRITISH  
MUSEUM



As it was found to be added at the  
New Theatre in the Haymarket

Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand

1795



T O T H E  
Right Honourable  
*Sir Robert Walpole,*  
Knight of the Most Noble  
Order of the Garter, &c.

S I R,



S You are the Pillar of  
the State, You must  
of Consequence be the  
Support of the Sub-  
ject ; therefore, (tho' a  
Stranger) to You I fly for Justice.  
My Book is censur'd, because I call it

A 2

The

## DEDICATION.

*The Restauration of King CHARLES II.  
with the Life and Death of Oliver  
Cromwell.* If You find it foul in  
Your Discernment, let me incur the  
Rigour of the Law; if not, give me  
a *Briton's* Right, the Profits of my  
Labour, in having it acted.

THE Reason, SIR, why I am so  
bold to trouble You with this Dedi-  
cation, is not from a View of being  
a Tax on Your Honour's Generosity,  
but that I may be allow'd to have it  
brought upon the Stage.

I am,

*Your Loyal Brother-Subject,*

and, SIR,

*Your Obliged, Obedient,*

*Devoted Humble Servant,*

WALTER ASTON.





TO THE  
READER.



Am oblig'd, contrary to my Intention, to trouble you with a Preface, not in Vindication of the Opera, but my self, from Aspersions concerning my Loyalty, or that I had any other View in writing of it, than letting my Friends have the Pleasure of seeing that History represented on the Stage, which has so often diverted in the Closet; and honestly to get a little Money to support me. I am so unhappy as to fall under the Censure of my Superiors, when I least apprehended  
B it,

it, notwithstanding, I took all prudent Methods to the contrary.

When first I went to Mr. *Potter*, (Master of the *New Theatre* in the *Hay-Market*) he told me, Nothing must be play'd there till a Gentleman of the *Treasury*, and another of the *Exchequer*, had read and approv'd it. I apply'd to a particular Friend of the aforementioned Gentlemen, who lives in Great *Queen-Street*, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, to whom I read this *Opera*, and desired he would acquaint them, both of the Title, and its being to be play'd the Fourth of *May*.

When I waited on him again, he informed me he had told them, and had for Answer, That they themselves had not time to look over such Things; but if he was satisfied, there was no Offence, there should not be any Stop put to it.

On this, I distributed the Parts, printed Bills and Tickets, and had it

it rehearsed thrice ; but unexpectedly a *Message* came, to stop the Performance ; for the Actors should be all taken up : That now they dare not play *Treason*, they put *Treasonable Titles* to their Bills ; and that *The Restoration of King Charles II. was a Treasonable Title.*

I confess I am so stupid, I cannot apprehend what they mean ; they know best that sent the Message.

I have been looking over the Service appointed for the Twenty-ninth of *May*, and find the Title as follows. “ A Form of Prayer  
 “ with *Thanksgiving* to Almighty  
 “ God, for having put an End to  
 “ the great *Rebellion*, by the Re-  
 “ stitution of the *King* and *Royal*  
 “ *Family*, and the *Restoration* of  
 “ *Government*, after many Years  
 “ *Interruption*, which unspeakable  
 “ Mercies were wonderfully com-  
 “ pleated on the Twenty-ninth of  
 “ *May*, in the Year 1660. and



“ in Memory thereof, that Day, in  
 “ every Year, by Act of *Parliament*,  
 “ is appointed to be kept Holy.”

But now for Part of the Body of  
 the Service. “ It is of the Lord’s  
 “ Mercies, we were not consumed ;  
 “ because his Compassion fails not.”

“ — And, by thy miraculous  
 “ Hand of Providence, didst deli-  
 “ ver us out of our miserable  
 “ Confusions, by *Restoring* to us, and  
 “ to his *Own* just and undoubted  
 “ Right, our *Then* Most Gracious  
 “ Sovereign Lord, thy Servant, *King*  
 “ CHARLES II. (*Notwithstanding*  
 “ *all the Power and Malice of His*  
 “ *Enemies*) and by placing him in  
 “ the Throne of these Kingdoms ;  
 “ thereby, by *Restoring* also unto us,  
 “ the publick and free Profession of  
 “ thy *True Religion* and Worship, to-  
 “ gether with our former Peace and  
 “ Prosperity, to the great Comfort  
 “ and Joy of our Hearts.

“ We



“ We yield thee Praise and Thanks  
 “ for the wonderful Deliverance of  
 “ these Kingdoms from the Great  
 “ *Rebellion.*

“ Strengthen the Hands of our  
 “ Sovereign King *George* and all that  
 “ are put in Authority under him,  
 “ with JUDGEMENT and Jus-  
 “ TICE; to cut off all such Workers  
 “ of Iniquity as *turn Religion into Re-*  
 “ *bellion, and Faith into Faction, &c.*

If my Title is Treasonable, what  
 must it be to mention *Restoration,*  
 CHARLES II. *Rebellion, &c.* so  
 many Times over. O dear! What  
 can be a greater Pleasure, to an ho-  
 nest Heart, than to see his Country  
 redeem'd from Anarchy. Does not  
 his sacred Majesty King GEORGE,  
 the Queen, and their Royal Progeny,  
 celebrate the 29th of *May*? Had  
 this present *happy Establishment* ever  
 been without the *Restoration*? No.  
 Why is it offensive then to have that  
 represented which we annually pay a  
 Thankf-

Thanksgiving for, and receive the Benefit of every Hour of our Lives? I believe, I may challenge every one that reads this Preface to give me a Reason.

Now I shall set before you the Discourse *verbatim*, as it pass'd between the Messenger that came to forbid it to be acted, and the Person who receiv'd the Message.

“ It must not be play'd. Who  
 “ do you come from? No Matter,  
 “ you'll know when the Actors are  
 “ taken up. Is this Law? No Mat-  
 “ ter whether it is or no, we'll try  
 “ it; it must not be acted. Why?  
 “ Because it must not; the Story  
 “ is too recent.

I think the Gentleman then said something; but give me Leave to tell him, That that Great Princess Queen *Elizabeth* saw (with Pleasure) her own Father *Henry VIII.* brought upon the Stage, the *Protestant Religion* establish'd and *Popery* abolish'd,  
 nay,

( vii )

nay, and her self christen'd too ;  
and should we not do the same by  
the happy *Restoration* of King  
CHARLES II. —

I need say no more. — I would  
not have any one take it ill, that af-  
ter the Performance is stopt, I pre-  
sume to print it ; for know, I have  
my Bread to get, and were not the  
*Opera* publish'd, I might lose many  
Friends, who would imagine I had  
concealed a *Monster* ! And now I have  
produced it, you see it is only a *Mouſe*.





## Dramatis Personæ.

### MEN.

*King* CHARLES II.

Lefly, *General of the Scot's Forces.*

Col. Carlos.

General Monk.

Trusty Dick.

A Captain.

Three Citizens.

Oliver Cromwell, a *Grand Usurper.*

Ireton.

Lambert.

Corporal Cudden.

'Sandy.

Mess John.

Three Soldiers.

Grimbald, a *Bosom-Friend of Cromwell's.*

*Loyalists.*

*Villains.*

### WOMEN.

Britannia, *Genius of the Isle.*

Miss Jane Lane, a *Loyal Girl.*

Lady Claypool, *Daughter to Cromwell.*

Dame Sarah, a *treacherous Virago.*

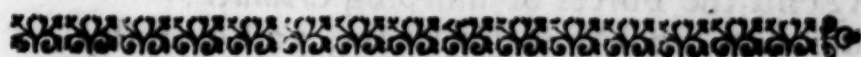
*Constable, Servants, Attendants, &c.*

## THE





THE  
RESTAURATION  
OF  
*King* CHARLES II.



ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Britannia discover'd in a Bower.*

AIR I.

*Tune, The Dying Swan.*

FORTH from my pleasant Bower  
(of Bliss

Where fragrant Roses move,  
Where balmy Zephyrs Sigh and Kifs,  
Singing soft Notes of Love.

C

Lo!

## The Restauration of

Lo ! I am drawn to shield this Isle  
From just impending Fate,  
Intreat the Gods once more to smile,  
Tho' ye deserve their Hate.

Ah me ! I fear you long must Mourn  
The Royal Blood you've shed,  
Of Pity all good Things forlorn,  
This Land to shame is led.

In *Worcester*, now Distrest, young *Charles* Re-  
solves  
To risque the Fortune of his lawful Right,  
Against the Forces of usurping *Cromwell*.  
Join close your dreadful Ranks, ye Loyallists,  
And firm your Hearts (I doubt *Scot's Lesly's* Forces.)  
The aged pray, Youth fight, and Matrons grieve,  
'Till Heaven restore the Line that must return ;  
For e're yon *Eastern* Sun has lash'd his Steeds  
O'er Heaven's high arched Hill to *Thetis* Lap,  
Poor *England's* Rise or Fall, must be determin'd.  
For now ! through mystic Shades confus'd, I see  
This Island has not felt her Tythe of Woes,  
Nor twenty Times the Tythe of her Deserts ;  
For all her Murders, and Rebellions,  
Few only now repent of, and bewail,  
Until the Scourge of War recount 'em or'e.  
To *Worcester* City now I'll wing my Flight,  
To guard the Person of my darling *Charles* ;  
Lest some vile Wretch, by false fanatick Zeal,

Or

*King* CHARLES II. 3

Or baser Hire, attempt that horrid Thing,  
T'assault the sacred Person of a King.

*Britannia ascends in her Chariot.*

SCENE II.

SCENE *A Wood. A Camp at a  
Distance.*

*Enter Cromwell.*

O *Cromwell* ! wretched, happy, restless *Cromwell* !  
O why art thou desirous now of hearing  
A Repetition of that curs'd seal'd Compact,  
Of which the Devil and me are certain of ?  
Wherefore this horrid Struggling, trembling  
Doubt ;  
(The Curse of prominent Ambition.)  
Am I not from a private Gentleman,  
Ruler of three rich, potent, pleasant Kingdoms ;  
Extending Conquest, to the golden *Indies*,  
Dastard the *French*, humbled the Pride of *Spain*,  
Destroy'd the *Dutch*, and made my Will a Law  
To ev'ry Foe that lifts a Head in *Europe* ;  
Possess'd of all Things sovereign Sway can wish :  
Yet is my boundless Mind never content.  
(Ambition is an endless Labyrinth.)  
I'm in the Middle on't, and dread each Way,  
As I am damn'd I'll on ; I can't sink lower.  
Ho ! *Grimbald*, foulest Spirit of the Deep.



*The Restauration of*

## A I R II.

*Tune, Usurer, in the old House  
Dr. Faustus.*

Rise, Rise, Rise,  
Proud damn'd Fiend arise,  
Come stand before my Eyes,  
And tell me where the Prize  
Of War will fall?

Rise, Rise, Rise,  
Appear before my Eyes,  
Thy ugliest Form will not surprize  
Nor Speech appall.

*Grimbald Rises Singing.*

## A I R III.

*Tune, I come, I come, in the Tra-  
gedy of Macbeth.*

*Grim. I come, I come, I come,  
Sound Trumpet and beat Drum  
Arm,*



King CHARLES II. 5

Arm, Boot, to Horse, to Horse,  
Shed Blood without Remorse.

[Retornel with Trumpets  
and Kettle-Drums.

At Worcester,

Crom. Tell,

Grim. Thoult conquer,

Crom. Well,

Grim. Successful be

Two Years and Three,

Then come to me, then come to me.

Crom. Proud damn'd deceitful Fiend you

Lye,

'Tis Six Years yet, e'er I shall dye.

Grim. 'Tis no more but Five say I,

Crom. 'Tis Six you Cheat, you can't  
deny.

Grim. The Bond will show you tell the  
Lye.

Crom. At Six say I.

Grim. At Five you'll dye.

Crom. How dar'st thou contradict me Falsifier?

I well remember on a gloomy Eve

Near *Huntington* thou met'st me on the Way;

(My Thoughts revolving over Thrones and Scep-  
ters,

And which Way to ascend the lovely *Pharos*;) )

'Twas then, thy awful Shape of Sanctity

Won my Respect, and gain'd my Ear and Soul.

(Thou reverend Devil, artful Hypocrite)

I wretched short-sighted Fool, (O weak Humanity)

Bow'd

Bow'd to thy grizl'd Hair, and antique Beard,  
 Thy bending Shoulders, and thy palfie Head,  
 Uniting Knees, thy slow advancing Feet,  
 And trembling Hand, which minuted thy Years,  
 Which Eighty seem'd, to shrink, long Blossom  
 fall'n.

Sir, save you! was then your Salutation,  
 (How thou hast sav'd me, my Soul Trembles at,)  
 We joyn'd Discourse, and by Transitions subtle  
 Stol't my Attention, while thou did'st disclose,  
 The Womb of Nature, and her secret Ways;  
 Matter inanimate; Days, Years progressing;  
 Planets prolific of our Destiny,  
 The *Tidey* Moon, the *Polar* Stars, and of  
 The *Local* Sun, which gladdens all alive,  
 And ripens Souls humane and vegitive;  
 (Curse on thy fatal wise Philosophy)  
 Thou told'st of Man at last the Lord of all!  
 And painted'st too the Beauties of this Globe,  
 And said that Kings were Masters of all that;  
 But of all Kingdoms this was eligible,  
 And of all Men, I was that Kingdom's Doom,  
 And there thou caught'st me, sealing my Dam-  
 nation,  
 That I should prosper void of Doubts or Fears  
 In all Attempts for One and Twenty Years,  
 And now, thoud'st wrong me of a single Year  
 My friendly Devil, my Soul's Executor.

*Grim.* Fool! thou mistak'st — I know thy  
 Punct of Fate;

From *Thirty-Seven unto Fifty Eight*,  
 I drew the Instrument; — Fools to their Cost,  
 Are often reckoning without their Host.  
 But when from Earth thy Soul its Flight does make  
 I'll raise a Storm which shall the Center shake  
 Ho! ho! ho!

[*Grimbald sinks,*  
*Crom-*

King CHARLES II:

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*Crom.* Now then rehearse thy Storm, thou  
Fiend of Hell,  
Sound, found, found  
Your cheerful Trumpets, beat the Kettle Drums,  
To Battle! pompous War and stirring Views  
Shall ——— Ha! Did I not give strict Command  
None should break in upon my Solitude?

*Enter Corporal Cudden.*

*Cud.* O sweet Cudden Nollie, don't be  
nangry, Cudden Lambert sent me for to tell  
you, that Cudden Lesty, Cudden King, and  
all their Cudden Cuddens, are now come  
out of Worcester, and looking at our Camp;  
so you may take Charle, Boy, as soon as I  
can eat a Quart of Firmity, or a Penny  
Loaf. Ha! ha! ha!

*Crom.* Lambert advises well, I'll strait proclaim  
A thousand Pound Reward on Charles Stuart's Head,  
And my Favour, bring him alive or dead.

[Exit Cromwell.]

*Cud.* Who was that I wonder along with  
Cudden Nollie. — I smelt Brimstone. —  
Was it a Scots Mess John, or old Nick's  
Match-Maker? — I believe Cudden Noll  
will match Cudden Devil, for he was never  
match'd in our Parish, I don't know what  
he may be in his. Let me see it wants the  
Length of my Hand of Nine of Clock. —

I



I wonder how it comes to be Nine a Clock at once, for I never heard it strike but one at a Time. — Oh! the thick Milk I have eat at home at Nine a Clock. — Ha! they call me Fool, but *Nollee* has made a Soldier of me; for any Man has Brains enough for a Soldier that can draw a Trigger.

## A I R IV.

*The Bell-Harp.*

I wear a Sword,  
I mount the Guard,  
I know my Right Hand from my Left,  
[shows wrong.

I wear my Hair,  
Can drink my Share,  
Of Modesty am quite bereft.

Then answer me,  
In Honesty,  
Who can a better Soldier pay?

Review'd, look fine,  
In the Sunshine,  
And when to fight, can — run away.  
[Exit Cudden.

S C E N E



King CHARLES II.

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SCENE III.

SCENE The Severn, and a Wood.

Enter King CHARLES II. Lesly, Col.  
Carlos, and Attendants.

King. How pleasantly the *Severn* doth indent  
The fertile Meadows, as if, like a good Prince,  
It meant to share his Stream of current Love,  
And bounteously make Progress thro' his Region.  
How splendid do the adjacent *Malvern Hills*  
Reflect the blessed Sun; all Nature sweet:  
Mankind confess thee, Man, and Bird, and Beast,  
King and *Usurper*, equally receive,  
Gratify their Senses in this Morn.

See *Carlos*, what a pleasant Spot the Rebels  
Have chose to form their advantageous Camp.

Carl. Yes, Sir, and well provided with all Ne-  
cessaries  
From *Wales*, and all the open neighbouring Coun-  
try;

While our vast Numbers, cooped in *Worcester City*,  
Loose Time and Spir it, in a noble Cause,  
Our Soldiers shortly will forget to eat,  
And meagre Famine dwindle all their Courage.

Les. Why do we then procrastinate so long?  
For Heaven's sake, Royal Sir, give your Com-  
mands  
For sudden Action, as you best shall order.

King.

90 *The Restoration of*

*King.* To-morrow early,  
E'er the motly Light  
Discovers Objects, we'll attack their Camp  
In show of Earnest with the forlorn Hope,  
Whilst in some other Place we pour upon 'em  
With our main Battle.

*Les.* Pardon me, my Liege,  
*Oliver* is too vigilant a Soldier  
To be surpriz'd; and I much wonder why  
He has not yet begun to bustle with us!

*Enter a Captain*

*Cap.* To Horse, my Liege, Hie, instantly to  
Horse  
Oliver having got Intimation  
Of your surveying him so nigh his Camp,  
Has sent out a hundred desperate Light Horse  
To intercept you, e'er you reach the City.  
Mount instantly, as you regard your Life.

*King.* Away then, and the first that gains the  
Gates  
Order a strong Detachment to pursue  
And intercept, or drive the Rebels back.

*Exeunt King, Lesly, and Captain.*

*Alfred V.* While our vast Empire copes in Worcester City,  
I seek time and place, in a noble Cause,

*Grano's Trumpet Tune.*  
Our soldiers' hearts will be as lions' hearts,  
And meagre famine wounds all their courage.

*Cap.* Ye Gods above inspire  
An emulous Desire,

That ev'ry Breast,  
May be possess'd  
With a Martial Fire;

**King CHARLES II.**

**Al**

So once again  
A Charles may reign  
To revenge his great Sire.  
Let Rebels and Traytors  
Receive their just Reward,  
And all their vile Abettors,  
From Man meet no Regard;  
If in Battle I'm wounded to Death,  
I'll proclaim a Charles with my last Breath.  
(Exit Carlos.)

Enter Cromwell and Lambert.  
Crom. Come, worthy Partner of the Covenant,  
This Day I hope will finish Charles Stuart's Life,  
And future Dread of further Opposition.

Enter Ireton.  
Now Ireton, What News? Lives Charles, or is he  
taken?

Iret. May it please your Highness, we pursu'd  
em close

For near a Mile; but their more speedy Horse  
Regain'd the City, when a Charge was sounded,  
And thro' the Gates, their num'rous Army pour'd  
And march'd, and form'd their Battle in Array,  
Which urg'd our Flight to bring this sudden News.

Lam. Now, let our whole Army set upon 'em,  
Their Numbers will so choke the scanty Gates,  
That we may, Pell-mell, furious enter with 'em.

Crom. A glorious Stratagem! Command a  
Charge.



*Iret.* They will not march; they mutiny, and say,  
They won't advance a Foot without their Pay.

*Crom.* Ha!

Show me the paltry Slaves,—by Fire and Sword,  
I'll shoot the Dog dares utter such a Word.

*(Exeunt.)*

SCENE A Camp; a Company of Soldiers

*drawn up.*

1 *Sold.* D---me, think I'll fight, and ha'n't  
drank a Drop o' Gin these three Days?

2 *Sold.* Nor I a fresh Quid o' Tobacco  
this Week, I am forc'd to chew my old Plugs  
thrice over; I'll march none without the  
Crop.

*All.* Nor I, nor I—

3 *Sold.* It's a fine hot Day, let us all into  
that Wood and louse our selves.

1 *Sold.* 'Slife, yonder comes *Noll*; Let us  
stand by one another.

*Enter Cromwell, Lambert, Ireton, &c.*

*Crom.* Who dares carve out his Terms of Ser-  
vitude?

Who's he that will not march without his Pay?

1 *Sold.* Why—— I won't, *Noll*!

*(Going to Cromwell.)*

*Crom.* There, Dog—— *(Cromwell shoots him.)*

Now—— march!

*(Exeunt omnes.)*

SCENE

King CHARLES II.

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SCENE A Gate, the King's Forces drawn up before it----- Enter Cromwell and his Soldiers. They drive the King's Party through the Gate, and enter Worcester with them, Trumpets, Drums, &c.

Scene changes to a Street, Soldiers driven cross the Stage by Cromwell, and Party.

Crom. On Pain of Death, none touch a Drop of Wine.  
To search for Charles, ransack all Houses, Churches, Nays, spare not costly Monuments and Tombs: Whoever brings his Head, shall have my Favour, And be rewarded with a thousand Pounds.  
(Exit Cromwell.)

! all (A Cry within, follow, follow; save the King, Huzza, Drums, Trumpet, &c.

Enter Lesly, and Carlos.

Les. Coward Villains, Shame on their dastard Souls,  
They ran away the very first Attack:  
O for the English Grenadiers! away!  
Where is the King? I wish he may escape.  
Carl. I have not seen him since the first Attack;  
Preserve his sacred Life, ye Heav'nly Powers.

APR

A. I. R. VI.

*Tune, Waft me some soft, some cooling  
Breeze, &c.*

If Kings on Earth Vicegerents are  
To you the Heav'nly Powers above;  
Oh then, in Charles your Image spare,  
And shield him with your Guardian Love;  
Save him from the rebellious Rage,  
Of bloody Hell-hounds, who wou'd dare  
Against yon Gods a War to wage,  
And combat with you in the Air.  
*(Exit)*  
*Enter King, pursu'd by Cromwell.*

*Crom.* What, Ho! Charles Stuart, Cromwell calls!  
now yield thee,  
Or I will lay thee gasping at my Foot.

*King.* Arch-Rebel, art thou there! now gracious  
Heaven  
Strengthen my Arm, that I may Vengeance take  
This Hour, for my poor murder'd Father's sake.  
*(They fight, Cromwell disarms him, going to stab  
the King, Britannia descends, and takes the King  
into the Chariot.)*

*Brit.* Stop thy atrocious Hand, presumptuous  
Pyrate;  
Does thy Soul thirst after more Royal Blood.

*(Britannia ascends with the King.)*

*Crom.* Confusion! Disappointed!

What



King CHARLES II.

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What unseen Hand has robb'd me of my Purpose.  
But, *Warcester*, thou shalt feel my dire Resentment.

A I R VII.

*Tune, When severest Woes impending, &c.*

Fire and Sword assist my Fury!

All Conditions sore shall feel,

Age nor Sex shall not insure ye,

Nor your Throats, from Soldier's Steel.

As a Torrent that's impeded,

Rolls more fierce, when gain'd its Way,

So, my Anger shall be dreaded,

Stronger, being stop'd this Day.

*(Exit Cromwell.)*

SCENE A large Oak in the middle of a Wood.

*Enter King.*

Sure 'twas some Heav'nly Power preserv'd my  
Life,

And safe convey'd me from my Subjects Malice.

But where I am, here's no one to enquire of;

Or where to go, or which Way to subsist,

Unless the immediate Hand of Providence

Direct some unthought Miracle to save.

I'm in a Maze to know! — Hark! What's that

Noise!

*Charles Within.* Ho! Ho! Ho!

*Enter*

*Enter Carlos.*

Where must I look ! and when is't I shall find  
My Royal Master ? May be, *Severn's* Stream  
Has sunk him, where I ne'er shall see him more ;  
Or else among the Heaps of Loyal slain.  
His palid Corps wel't'ring in common Blood,  
Lies gasping in convulsive Agony.  
O cruel Subjects, O unhappy King !  
O ungrateful Country —

*King. Amazing Sight !*

Either my Eyes delude me, or I see  
My chiefest Joy on Earth, my dearest *Carlos* !  
(*King embraces him.*)

*Carl.* Transporting Bliss ! O Heav'nly Favourite !  
My Heart beats thick ! my gracious Sovereign !  
I thought I never shou'd behold you more,  
I can't contain my self, but let me pay  
Expressive Thanks by Tears involuntary.

(*Carlos weeps and kneels.*)

*King.* Rise *Carlos*, use no Ceremony now ;  
How fare our Troops ? Is't possible they'll rally ?

*Carl.* Fear has posses't 'em so, it is impossible,  
Impossible to gue's it in the *Scots*,  
They fled as sudden as the Wind blows sounds.

*Sold. Within.]* I saw a Cavalier enter the  
Wood, search,

Look about, kill 'em, or take 'em, a 1000 l.  
If 'tis the King, look out sharp.

(*King and Carlos retire behind the Oak.*)

*Then Enter Ireton.*

*Iret.* Take him alive or dead, all one to us.  
Now we shall all be Kings without the Name,  
Mean Folks are Rascals, Power feels no Shame.

(*Exit Ireton.*)

King CHARLES II. 17

*King.* Carlos farewell, shift for thy self, while I—

*Carl.* What! Be a Traytor, leave my King in Thrall!

*(Within)* “ ’Tis Carlos, I saw him turn that Path.

*Carl.* Dear Sir, preserve your self, ascend this Tree.

*(King gets up the Tree.*

*King.* Lend me thy Hand, ——— What will become of thee?

*Carlos,* retire, my Danger is too nigh!

*Carl.* O give me Leave, with you I wish to dye.

*(Carlos gets up.*

*Enter Ireton, Sandy, Corporal Cudden, and Soldiers.*

*Iret.* Search narrowly each Bush, let the Reward, a Thousand pound, inspire your Diligence.

*Cudden.* A thousand Pound! A what a good many firmitys, penny Loafs, and Channum Noranges that will buy? Come, *Sandy!* Scratch about, *Sandy!* Come, *Sandy!*

*Sandy.* What far! I’se na venture my Craig for a lick Siller.

*Ireton.* A thousand Pound, *Sandy,* is the Reward, upon my Honour.

*Sandy.* Deel of your Hoonour! Mon I prig’d hard, for a Bargain of a Groat wi ye few years syne, and ye paid me boo’ the haff on’t.

*Ireton.* How, *Sandy!*

*Sandy.* Out, out; nae fash your sele, I’de

E

na



na betray my ane Father and Mother under a hundred pound Scots.

*Ireton.* Why the Reward is 12000 Pound Scots.

*Sandy.* Ay, Troth! — Gued Faith Meester *Ireton*, ye're a veery hoonest Mon, and *Oliver* is a Cherub, and Monarchy's the Deevill, the Covenant is Better nar a Sermon, and for aw' that Money, I'd sell my Father and Mother, and Broother, and Sister, — and maarry a Cow, or a Sow, for sike a Tocher; — Stand by a wie, I'll ca' tull him — *Charlee*, my Bonny, hear ye — Why do ye no come to me? — Troth you shall find me as honest as any Lad of my Principles.

*Carl.* That Fellow belong'd to *Leff*'s own Troop, and has tasted of your Royal Bounty, a Dog, who wou'd have thought he shou'd have quested for your Life!

*King.* He has no Honour, he'd serve *Ireton* so, or any one for a Reward proclaim'd; sit close, my dearest Friend.

## A I R VIII.

### A Scots Tune.

*Sandy.* Where art thou *Charlee*, bonny dLa?

Why wilt thou no come to me?

What gars thee to be fae a flead,

A ken'ft thou no I loo thee.

I'll nae deliver up thy Grace  
For to be made Thief on ;  
But when the Siller's in right Place;  
Come thou and take the haff on't.

*Charlee*, come Laddee, and tak haff the  
Reward thy sele — Come awa' fond  
Lad —

*Ireton*. What stately Tree is this whose  
spreading Branches distinguish him the Ru-  
ler of the Wood? The cluster'd Boughs per-  
chance may hide him from us, cut down the  
Tree.

*Britannia descends over the Tree.*

*Britannia*. Now, pitious Gods defend  
my darling Son!

(As the Soldiers are going to destroy the Tree,  
Thunder, Lightning, and a Shower of Fire  
falls, and disperses them.

*Charles*. The Heav'nly Powers wreak Vengeance  
on my Foes,  
And cause the Elements to fight for me ;  
Now *Ireton* (the base Scot) and all are fled,  
What next for Safety shall we go upon?

*Carl*. Here is a hollow Place within this Tree  
Will just intrunk your Body ; I intreat  
You there abide all Night ; early i'th' Morn  
I will revisit you with gladsome News.

*The Restauration of*

Some four Miles hence, there is a lonesome Village,

Where in a homely Hut an honest Clown,  
Trusty and Loyal, Valiant and Merry,  
Will give safe Shelter to a Cavalier:

There I'll provide Disguises for us both;  
But lest that beautiful Ornament, your Hair,  
Shou'd to your Royal Head a Traytor be,  
Permit me, Sir, closely to cut it off.

*King.* How careful thou art of me. — I consent.

*Carl.* Pardon me, Sir, this is the only Instrument  
(You must compound) that I am Master of,  
'Twill not be easy in the Operation.

*(Carlos cuts off the King's Hair with a Knife.)*  
Now Sir, good Night; early i'th' Morn I'll come.  
*(Exit Carlos.)*

*King.* Good Night, my faithful *Carlos*, —  
Heav'n compose me.

## A I R IX.

Tune, Awake, awake thou drowsy  
Sleepcr, &c.

*Brit.* Sleep, hush thy Cares, the Gods be-  
friend thee

'Till thou 'wake from profound Repose,  
Thy Genius will all Night attend thee,  
And guard thee from thy cruel Foes.

*(Scene shuts.)*

*End of the First Act.*





A C T II.

SCENE, *The Oak.*

*Enter Carlos in a Country Habit, Leather Jacket, and Breeches on his Arm.*

C A R L O S.

**M**Y Royal Lord! My King! Heav'n guard  
his Life!

He sleeps as sound as in his Royal Palace.

My Lord, my Lord! —

*King above.] Carlos!* Good-morrow, welcome  
my dear Friend;

*Carl.* I hope your Majesty has rested well?

*[King descends the Tree.]*

*King.* What think'st thou, *Carlos*, I was dreaming  
of?

*Carl.* Something I hope that comforted your  
Breast,

*King.* My Restoration, *Carlos!* (strange Chimera.)  
Contrived, perfected, and accomplish'd  
By one whose outward Habit was a Priest,  
And his loose Garment did unfold a Soldier,  
And then he turn'd into an austere Monk;  
But yet he smil'd on me, and cry'd, Courage!  
Thy calling wak'd me from the Consequent.

*Carl.*

*Carl.* Dreams are not wholly to be slighted, Sir,  
Nor yet depended on ; all Things mean something,  
Creations of the Brain do animate,  
And ripen Thought so, may it cherish this.  
Come, Sir, slip these coarse Garments o're you.  
I have procur'd Reception for us both,  
As for two Cavaliers, our Names unknown,  
But I presume henceforth to call you *William*.

*King.* With all my Heart——  
Rich Ornaments, and Majesty adieu !  
(Immortal Gods I bow my self to you.)  
These Cloaths, dear *Carlos*, seem to fit me well,  
Lead on, thou do'st, my Friend, all Friends excel.  
(*Exeunt King and Carlos.*)

### SCENE, *The Inside of a Cottage.*

*Enter Dame Sarah.*

*Sarah.* So, so, here's fine Work ! I am  
forc'd to walk nine Miles to Market and  
home again every *Saturday* ; work hard at  
my Dairy, or Spinning-wheel all the Week  
after, and my old Blockhead of a Husband,  
must spend his Money on your Raking,  
Redcoat Cavaliers : There's two of my best  
Pullets laid down to the Fire, and the Tap  
put into the Groaning Ale, and the Fool not  
content with that, is rid to Town on poor  
blind *Dobbin*, for a Quart of Sack, and a  
Pound of Sixpenny Sugar for 'em. And all  
because he loyes his King and Country, for-  
sooth ! What have poor Folks to do with  
the

the Good of either of 'em, but at Elections;  
and then every honest Man shou'd sell his  
Vote to them that will give most for it.

A I R X.

*Tune, Buff-Coat has no Fellow.*

If a Cavalier comes down to be chose,  
He Tops his Honour upon ye,  
But a Roundhead's Interest further goes  
With his Budget full of Money.

A Peck of Corn I give my Hen,  
To sell her when she's plump,  
They buy your Votes, and Trade again  
At the Market they call the Rump.

And if the King were to be here, my Hus-  
band's foolish Honesty, with his Loyalty at  
his Breech, (I warrant you) wou'd sooner  
lose the thousand Pound than take him.

O here come the two Cavaliers, ah the De-  
vil cavil 'em, they shall lose their Hearing,  
an they 'bide long here, I can tell 'em that.

*Enter King and Carlos.*

Carl. So Dame, How is it? This is my  
honest Friend I told thy good Man of;  
where is he?

Dame. In his Skin, I suppose. *(Bawling.*

Carl. William, you must excuse my Dame,  
she's



she's pretty choleric ; but 'tis soon over with her.

*Dame.* It's a Lye, you lye, Sirrah ! you couple o' lazy, lubberly, unmannerly Hounds, d'ye think I'll wait on ye ! — You shall e'en lay the Clath your selves, if you eat any Dinner here.

*Carl.* Well, well, we will, — Have Patience good Dame, I'll go in and furnish the Table my self, stay you there *William.*

*(Exit Carlos.)*

*Sar.* Hum ! — Why, what a Pox, be'st blind as Death and Dumb ? — Do'st not see the Jack stands !

*King.* Ha ! *(As waking from Thought.)*

*Sar.* Hay ! Ay and Straw too. — Wind up the Jack, and stir the Fire, do'st hire.

*(Barwling again.)*

*King.* I will, sweet Mistress ; — but how to go about it I am ignorant — I fear my Unexperience in these Domestick Affairs will betray me.

*(Aside.)*

*Sarah.* Why you Black, Tawny-face, Lanthorn-jaw'd, Charcoal brow'd, Wide-mouth'd, Long-nos'd, Lath-back, Spindle-shank'd, Awkard-Ninny, did'st thou never see a Jack before ! Stand 'out o' my Way, you Booby.

*(She cuffs him.)*

*King.* Ha, ha ! ha ! I can't help Laughing at my Condition.

*(Aside.)*

*Sar.* Why, how now, Jack Sauce, d'ye think I'll be laugh'd at in my own House, by  
such

such a Fellow as thou art ! Sirrah ! I'll have you to know ! that if the King himself were here, and laugh't at me, I'd comb his Head with a three legged Stool — marry wou'd I.

*(Throws a Stool at him.)*

King. Nay, Good Mistress, help, help !

*Re-Enter Carlos.*

Carl. For shame, for shame, pray be pacify'd.

Sar. Why, what Business is it of yours ; he's a saucy Fellow, to laugh at me.

King. I did not laugh at you, indeed I did not.

Sar. There, there's Manners for you ! he gives me the Lye in my own House, I'll bear it no longer ; I'll run to a Justice of Peace that's now marrying a Couple at the Crooked-billet Ale House, and have you both taken up for Rebels against Oliver.

Carlos. Nay, dear Dame consider, — Our Lives are in your Power, we have been something unmannerly ; but let this make amends for our past Misbehaviour.

*(Gives her a Purse of Gold.)*

Sar. Oh ! Dear Sir — you know my good Humour, and that's the Character all my Neighbours will give me, tho' I say it — I am a little hot 'tis true ; but soon hot, soon cold, as the saying is ; — pray sitte down — you must needs be tyr'd of walking —

how far dide come pray? Wille have a Dram of my Water to comfort ye? — Shall I bring the Table to the Fire? You'll may be catch Cold in that damp Room. *Doll.* Look out my Grand-mother's best fring'd Sheets, and let'n be well air'd, — you must excuse me, a little, for unless I stir about my self e woll have nothing in Order.

[*Sarah, Curtsies to the King and Carlos then Exit.*]

*King.* O *Carlos*! how miserable must this Woman's Husband be! — Thus Cottages, and Pallaces have Plagues.

*Carl.* No part of Life's exempt from Woe, my Lord.

*Re-Enter Dame Sarah, with a Table, and a couple Fowls, &c. on it.*

*Sar.* Come, come, fire down, their choicely done, done to Refection, I did 'em all my self. Ay, Roasted for a King.

(*Tast's 'em with her Finger.*)  
Come, cut 'em up; and I'll put some three penny Sugar on 'em and make 'em as good for you as ever I can.

[*She fetches a white earthen Sugar pot.*]

*Carl.* No, hold Dame, they'r very well as they are.

*Sarah.* 'Udsheart ye don't know what's good for your selves, — D'ye think I grudge it ye! — No, no. Will ye have some Verjuice and Mustard?

*Carl.*



*Carl.* No, no, better thus, we thank you.

*Sar.* Well, ye be strange Volk — O!  
yonder my Dickey's a coming, I hear him  
singing in the Lane.

*Enter Dick with a Bottle, Glass and Pound  
of Sugar. Fills to Carlos.*

A I R XI.

*Tune, Health to the King, &c.*

*Dick.* A Health to the King, preserve  
his Life,

And rid this Land of Civil Strife

O! send us always brimfull Bowls

To drink this Health and cheer our  
Souls,

If ony Mon, this Health deny,

Kick him down the Stairs Boys,

Kick him down the Stairs Boys,

Down, down, down,

Kick him down the Stairs out of the  
Company.

There now ha, ha! There's a Loyal Song for  
ye, come eat heartily Lads, never mind us,  
Dame and I will pick a Bit when ye have  
done, that is, if you leave ony.

*Carl.* Come, fill a Brimmer, the King's  
Health, *Dick.* [Carlos Drinks.

Dick. I'll pledge you, and drink it off,  
'tho' it were a Mile to the Bottom. Come,

*(Fills a Brimmer.*  
here's a Health to his Grace's Majesty King  
Charles the Second, send him safe upon the  
Throne of his Successors, and that he may  
Live to revenge his Fa — a — a

O! *(Looks earnest in the King's Face,  
lets fall the Bottle and Glass,  
then falls on his Knees.*

preserve your Majesty, and send you safe out  
of my House.

Carlos. Softly Dick!

King. How cam'st thou to know me?

Dick. I was an under Gamekeeper to your  
Father, and have seen you often shooting, Sir.

Sar. Ah! Bless your Majesty, any Body  
may know you to be a King by your hand-  
some Nose — eat heartily — I won't  
lose this Opportunity of getting a 1000. l.

*(Aside.*

*(Exit Dame Sarrah.*

Dick. O let me beg of you, Sir, to quit my  
House immediately, for my Termagant Wife  
is slid out, and certainly will buz it about,  
all over the Parish who you are, — and  
shou'd your Majesty be taken in my House,  
I shou'd hang my self, if they did not do it  
for me.

*(Crying.*

King. Poor honest hearted Fellow, rise  
trusty Dick.

Now Carlos, whither shall we fly?

Carlos.

King CHARLES II.

29

*Carlos.* In *Staffordshire*, lives an honest Gentleman,  
Loyally known, as is his Daughter fam'd  
For Wit and Beauty, and all other Parts,  
Which render her the Mirror of her Sex;  
Her Name is *Lane*; (oh pardon me my Leige,  
That I shou'd entertain a Thought of Love  
While your in any Danger of your Life.)  
But there depend we are securely safe.

*Dick.* Ay, begone quick for the Laud's  
Sake, and I'll lend your Majesty old *Dobbin*,  
he'll carry you very safe for all he's Blind.

*King.* I thank thee *Dick*, and I accept thy  
Offer; — Come, *Carlos*, let us forward!  
Immortal Gods, protect and pitty me!

A I R XII.

Tune, *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

Wer't not my Right I'd not implore,  
From the just Gods, their Heav'nly aid,  
Or bend my Knee for Riches Store,  
Or be with Royal Pomp array'd;  
But, as Injustice has Success,  
Oh! Guard me from their Wickedness.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE A Village.

*Enter Dame Sarah, Mess John, Constable, &  
Country Folks.*

*Dame.* Come, Master Constable, —  
Come,



Come, good Sir, here's the King, the Monny's as sure as if we had it in our Pockets.

Mess *John*. Ah! thou'rt a gued Woman, and the Lord will reward you, for delivering the Nation fra' sike Factious Chiels as Kings are.

## A I R XIII.

*Nofamy's old Man's, Tune, in the Rape of Proserpine.*

Remember the Cov'nant  
My bonny Bearn,  
Let Heaven your Inter'st Grant,  
Chief of Concerns.

For ah! I ken weel,  
That the muckle De'el,  
The Pape and the King,  
All draw in a String.

To pull down the Kirk,  
Old *Noli's* Handy-Wark,  
But maintain the *Word*,  
With Ax and the Sword.

*Const.* I thought your Cloath had wielded no Weapons but your Tongue and Book.

Mess *John*. Out, out, in my Country na' Man's fit to crack in a Pulpit that can't fight the Weapons through. Lead awa' —

'Tis

'Tis for the Geu'd ald Cause, and a thousand Pound.

*Sar.* This Way, don't tumble over the Cell, good Sir. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE *The inside of the Cottage.*

*Dick at the Table.*

I'll be hang'd if my Termagant is not troopt about some Mischief, — Ay, ay, 'tis so I'm sure, for here comes the phanatic Parson — Egad I'll be even with 'em; but I am glad the King's gone however.

*Enter Dame Sarah, Mess John, Constable, &c.*

*Const.* So, Goodman *Richard*; Where's the rest of your Company.

*Dick.* Company! i'faith, you have brought more Company than there is Meat for; I have eat it all up — Will ye have some, Wife?

*Const.* But where are the Cavaliers?

*Dick.* Ha! I know of no Cavaliers!

*Sarah.* Out, you lying Rogue; Where have you hid 'em, Sirrah!

*Const.* Come, produce me them this Moment.

*Dick.* 'Ouns, I believe the *Scots* Tub-Preacher has bewitch'd 'em both.

*Mess*

Mess *John*. Make no thy sel a Stranger to the Truth.

*Dick*. Hold your Tongue, ye sniveling, hypocritical Rascal. Mr. *Constable*, hear me a little.

Mess *John*. Answer ; Was not *Chorlee Stuart* be'n the Hooose?

*Dick*. I speak not unto thee, Cantorum Jobbernowl, I talk to

(*Thrusts Mess John away with his Breech.* my Neighbour *Splatterface*, the Constable : Your Worship knows, that you, and I and Goodman *Howl'em*, the Clerk, and 'Squire *Addlehead*, clubb'd our Twelve-pence a-piece last Night for Cyder and Brandy ; at the Star and Gridiron ; which got into my Head, and so reeling home, I fell asleep, and my Wife searching my Pocket (for she always picks my Pocket when I am drunk) misses a Shilling of my Week's Wages, and salutes me with a slap o'th' Face, which I (waking) return'd with a civil kick of the Breech : And finding she wou'd not go to Bed, nor be quiet all Night—— I said I wou'd have two of her best Pullets for my Dinner To-day ; and she swore, if I had, she wou'd inform against me, which you see she has, and made Fools of you.

*Sarah*. Out, lying Rogue.

*Const.* Silence, Woman, or I'll send you to the House of Resurrection —— Why, Neighbours, this seems to be true, for you  
all



all know what a Bell-dame she is, and has the Devil of a Clapper ; and as great a Vixen as any within 20 Miles round.

*Sarah.* You a Constable, you a ----.

*Dick.* Put her into the Ducking-Stool, you have my free Leave.

*Omnes.* Ay, to the Ducking-Stool !

*Sarah.* Me to the Ducking-Stool ! Do if you dare ! I had five Pound to my Portion, besides a Corner Cupboard, and six Rush Chairs, and an old grey Mare, Grandmother can't hinder me of ; my Father was Sexton above Threescore and Five Years, and buried the Parish twice over ; Mother too, wore a Silk Scarf to the Day of her Death. Duck me, you parcele of ----

*Const.* Stop her Mouth ---- and away with her to the Ducking-Stool.

*Dick.* Ay, ay, ay, to the Ducking-Stool.  
(*Dick leaps for Joy.*)  
Cool her Courage, Mr. Constable.

## A I R XIV.

### Yorkshire Ballad.

*Const.* If the Laws of this Land were well put in force,  
What Batchelor 'd scruple, for better for worse,  
Or richer, or poorer, would make it no Curse.

G

*Sarah*

*Sarah speaks.*) I say that the King was at Dinner here.

*Const.* Join my Song,  
Drown her Tongue. *(Lead away)* —

*Chorus.*) --- Lead away to the Ducking-Stool, Ho!

But fondly we think by good Humour to win,

And preach up, that Scolding is surely a Sin,  
Which won't fetch the Devil out, when he's crept in.

*Sarah speaks.*) I'll go to the Devil, but I'll be even with you.

*Const.* Join my Song,  
Drown her Tongue. *(Lead away)* —

*Chorus.*) ----- Lead away to the Ducking-Stool, Ho!

*(Exeunt omnes.)*

### SCENE *An old Country Mansion-House.*

*Enter King and Carlos, disguis'd as before.*

*Carlos.* 'Tis very dark; but by that wimpling Brook

We cross'd e'en now, I know we're near the House.  
If my dear Jenny knew how nigh I was,  
Her sudden Joy wou'd quickly fly to me.

*King.* Is she so exquisitely Good, and Fair?

*Carlos.* History cannot relate, or Pencil draw  
A Mind more just, or Person amiable,

True

True to her Lover, loyal to your Majesty.

King. Incomparable Lady! Hark! there's Music!

(*Miss Lane above in a Night-Dress, with a Lute.*)

A I R XV.

Tune, *Dutchess of Ormond's Ditty.*

Ah! silent Night! thou Friend of Grief!  
O listen to my sighing Dread!  
You whisp'ring Winds, waft some Relief,  
O tell me, Is my *Carlos* dead?

Let not the Day my Hopes deceive!  
For if my *Carlos* breathes no more,  
Life has no Charms, no none to give,  
'Tis Death alone that I implore.

King. Have Patience, *Carlos*, to her plaintive Woe.

Miss Lane. Oh, *Carlos*! *Carlos*! If thou shou'd'st  
be slain,  
Surely I pine to Death for blaming thee;  
Or if thou liv'st, thy Silence will destroy me.  
Certain of Death, my Life is miserable.

*Carlos*. I can contain no longer; here my Soul,  
Thy *Carlos* waits; come down, dear Creature, Let  
Me lull my Breast, e'er my Heart beat it thro'.

Miss Lane. My *Carlos* there! Oh unexpected Joy!  
I can't bear the Transport, till I'm with thee;  
I come my Life,——I fly into thy Arms.

(Exit Miss Lane.)



*Sarah speaks.*) I say that the King was at Dinner here.

*Const.* Join my Song,  
Drown her Tongue. *Lead away* —

*Chorus.*) --- Lead away to the Ducking-Stool, Ho!

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Thy *Carlos* waits; come down, dear Creature, Let  
Me lull my Breast, e'er my Heart beat it thro'.

Miss Lane. My *Carlos* there! Oh unexpected Joy!  
I can't bear the Transport, till I'm with thee;  
I come my Life,——I fly into thy Arms.

(Exit Miss Lane.

*King.* The greatest Monarchs have on Earth no  
Bliss  
That they possess, which can compare with this.

## A I R XVI.

Tune, O the sweet Blessing, &c.

*Miss.* Carlos, My Treasure!

*Carl.* Oh! what a Pleasure!

'Tis to be folded in these Arms.

*Miss.* How cou'd you tarry?

*Carl.* Think you I'd vary?

Or e'er forget these matchless Charms.

No, no, my Dearest,

I'm the sincerest

*Miss.* Else let me from they Falshood fly!

*Carl.* I'll ne'er deceive thee,

*Miss.* Ah! believe thee,

*Carl.* Else let me like a Traytor dye.

*Miss.* But who is this in the like Rural Dress?  
If he's your Friend? (Goes to salute the King.

*Carl.* Here, bow thy subject Knee,  
And in this homely Habit know thy King.

*Miss.* I must believe what e'er my Carlos says.  
(Kneels.

The Gods preserve your Sacred Majesty,  
And give you Patience in this abject Fortune.

*King.* Rise, Fair one, and accept our Royal  
Favour.

*Carl.*



*Carl.* How does thy Father?

*(Miss Lane rises and kisses the King's Hand.)*

*Miss.* He's now at Bristol,  
Whither to Morrow he commands I come,  
Will you not bear me Company, my *Carlos*?

*Carl.* I wish his Majesty was safely there,  
From thence he might get Passage into *France*.

*Miss.* If Royal Sir, you please to condescend,  
To ride with me as a Liv'ry Servant,  
I Question not but you'll be unsuspected.

*King.* I shall be proud to be your Servant, Lady!

*Carl.* I will before, and prepare your Father,  
For the King's Concealment, and Reception.

*Miss.* 'Tis almost Day-break, we'll refresh our-  
selves,  
And then set forward, *Carlos* till we meet,  
My poor fond Heart, will wish for thee each  
Moment.

A I R XVII.

*The parting Tune, in Perseus.*

Farewel, *Carlos*,

*Carl.* Farewel, my Dear,

'Till we again shall meet in Joy.

*Miss.* Can I support this trembling Fear,  
Which does all future Hope destroy;

Go and leave me,

Tho' it grieve me.

*Carl.* Must I leave thee?

*Miss.* Aye, aye, aye.

*(Singing.)*

*(Exit King and Miss Lane, at one Door,  
Carlos at t'other.)*

*End of the Second Act.*

ACT



## A C T III.

SCENE, *An Antichamber.**Enter Cromwell and Ireton.**Crom.* **H**OW far did you pursue 'em?*Iret.* Many Miles, when I perceiv'd both him and *Charles* rushing thro' a Wood, ——— In which I found a stately Oak, that I suspected shelter'd 'em, ——— I order'd forthwith it shou'd be cut down ——— when such a Storm of Wind, and Rain, and Thunder, — such horrid Lightning, frighten'd all the Soldiers! and caus'd us fly the Place to save our Lives.*Crom.* Lightning! Rain! Wind and Thunder! topping Soldiers! But have you heard no further News of him?*Iret.* None, may it please your Highness.*Crom.* Then hear me, Sir, — that Tree did shelter him and *Charles* too ——— from thence they went to a small Village, whence in Country Habits they fled to Mr. *Lane's*, and the King rode as a Livery Servant before his Daughter to *Bristol*, whence (again) he fled to *Southampton*, and was discover'd; then hir'd a small Boat to *France*, ——— and as my Packet says, is safe arriv'd. ——— For I have Spies in all the Foreign Courts. Dispatch these several Letters. (*Gives Letters.**Iret.* I shall, my Lord.(*Exit Ireton.**Crom.*

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*Crom.* My Time draws nigh, and yet I can't  
repent!

Cou'd I be born again, I wou'd be *Cromwell*,  
Bold, bloody, daring and ambitious *Cromwell*!  
Pity is false Heraldry to my Nature,  
No Rose, or Lilly decorate my Escutcheon,  
I hate what the Compassionate call Good;  
My Arms thou'd Cannons be in *Field of Blood*.

*Enter Lady Claypole.*

My Daughter *Claypole* here! and all in Tears!  
Thou only Thing on Earth I ever lov'd,  
Come to my Arms, my dearest, pious Child.  
(I never knew what Pity was before.)

*Lady Clayp.* Here on my Knees I humbly  
crave a Boon

*Crom.* Rise, ask my Kingdom, take it  
freely, Child.

*Lady Clayp.* Much less than that; but Oh!  
I must not rise,  
'Till you have giv'n your Honour, that you'll  
grant it.

*Crom.* What can this mean?

*Lady Clayp.* Nay, I conjure you too,  
By all the tender Love you ever bore me.

*Crom.* Hast me to know, —

*Lady Clayp.* I dare not till you promise,  
Because I fear, that I shall anger you.

*Crom.* Nay, then I doubt 'tis something  
unbecoming of you, my Child, to ask, or me  
to grant!

*Lady Clayp.* O spare the Rev'rend Dr.  
*Hewit's* Life!

*Crom.*



*Crom.* Ha ! plead'st thou, Daughter, in a  
Traytor's Cause !

*Lady Clapp.* Oh, pardon me, Sir, you are  
misinform'd.

He's a plain-meaning Teacher, and no Traytor.  
Ill-minded Men, wrest from his Words ill Meaning.

### A I R XVIII.

*Tune, Be calm, you dread Parents.*

O spare my dread Father !

This Rev'rend Divine,

Which Suit grant the rather,

Because it is mine.

In return for the Favour, each Night and  
each Day,

For your Soul's Preservation, we'll fervently  
pray.

*Crom.* Urge it no more, for by the Cause he dies.  
What, Ho ! lead *Hewit* strait to Execution.

*Lady Clapp.* Must your lov'd Daughter kneeling,  
beg in vain ?

*Crom.* I have consulted Heav'n about this Prize.  
In Pray'r fought it, and Heav'n says,—He dies.

*Lady Clapp.* Well, as my (once dear) Father  
this denies,

And is relentless to his Daughter's Cries,

And hath no Pity for my Tears, and Pain,

When he wants Mercy, may he beg in vain.

*(Exit Lady Clappole.)*

*Crom.* What, my own Daughter curse me to my  
Face !

My Dissolution then can't be too near ;

The only one I ever lov'd, to curse me !

King CHARLES II.

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The Fear of Death, and everlasting Torment, hath not so touch'd me, as my own Child's Curse! Oh *Claypool*! *Cromwell* never wept before. [Weeps.

*Enter Ireton.*

*Ireton.* Pardon, my Lord, your Daughter *Claypool's* dead.

*Crom.* Dead! how?

*Ireton.* With Grief for Dr. *Hewit's* Death.

*Crom.* Wou'd I were dead too then.—O horrid Fate!

The Fiend appears, Repentance comes to late.

*Grimbald rises.*

A I R XIX.

*Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation, &c.*

*Grim.* Let Repentance now be slighted,  
For sulphurious Beds are lighted,  
Where thy Soul must ever burning,  
In tormenting Flames be turning,  
Age on Age, yet ne'er consume.

Grim *Alecto*, and each Fury,  
In hot Chains will close secure you;  
H Mercy

*The Restauration of*

Mercy you'll in vain implore then,  
Hissing Snakes your Eye-balls gore  
then.

Whipping, Lashing,  
Howling, Gnashing,  
Cursing, Railing,  
Weeping, Wailing.

Now must be, Old Noll, your Doom.

Grimbald *sinks*.

*A Violent Storm to the End of this  
Scene.*

*Crom.* Ireton! are you not afraid? did you not see that Fury sink?

*Ireton.* No, Sir, I nothing saw but our two Selves.

*Crom.* But I did see, and I must feel it too: See there! Behold that bloody Cloud! that gasping Head—thou canst not say I cut it off—'twas the pretended Court of Justice, 'twas *Bradshaw*—Go! stalk away, thou headless Trunk—away! am I not Protector? Oh *Slingsby*! art thou there! and *Mordant*, and *Hewit* too? and all the Officers from *Colchester*! Ha, ha, ha!—present—fire at 'em—What! *Claypool*!—then all is— [Cromwell faints.  
*Ireton.*



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*Ireton.* What Help ho, there! his Highness is not well.

How do you, Sir? [Enter Attendants]

*Crom.* My Time is come, bear Witness all of you, I do declare *Richard* my Son Protector.

*Claypool,* I find thy Curses now take Place,  
If I cou'd pray, there's now no Hope of  
Grace.

*Grimbald below.* *Cromwell!*

*Crom.* *Grimbald,* I come — Ambition is  
my Crime,  
Let all Men, warn'd by me, take  
Heed in Time.

*Cromwell dies, and is carried off.*

SCENE the Street.

*Enter Two Citizens.*

*1st Cit.* Oh Neighbour! did you ever hear  
such a Rumblication in all your Borndum,  
such whizzing and puffing, I don't believe  
their is a Stack of Chimneys standing in the  
whole Ciry.

*2d Cit.* Alack a Day! I am deaf, Neighbour.

*1st Cit.* What, can't you hear?

*2d Cit.* No, I can't, for my Wife was  
H 2 scolding

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scolding at *White-chapel-Bars*, and the Wind blew the Noise so strong to me at *Charing-Cross*, it has broke the Drum of my Ear.

*1st Cit.* Ah, that's nothing, I went to water my Horses with a Pail in the Stable, and a Flash of Lightning set the Water a Fire.

*2d Cit.* You know I am a Grocer — Why, it thunder'd so strong it has turn'd a whole Hoghead of Treacle into Vinegar.

*1st Cit.* I was standing on *Fish-street-Hill*, when I saw a Louse creeping over *London-Bridge*.

*2d Cit.* Ah, I was there, I heard him Stamp.

*1st Cit.* Why Neighbour, the Wind blew him as far as *Gravesend*, on board an *India Man*, and sunk the Ship directly.

*2d Cit.* I'll hold a full Pot you hear some News or other after this *1st Cit.* News! ay, you'll have an Account of this To-morrow in the Papers with a wise Gentleman's Remarks upon it.

*Enter 3d Citizen.*

*3d Cit.* News, Lads, News!

*1st, 2d Cit.* Let's hear, let's hear —

*3d Cit.* Noll's dead.

*1st Cit.*

1<sup>st</sup> Cit. The Devil he is! Huzzah!

3<sup>d</sup> Cit. Ay, and his Son *Dick's* to be in his Room.

2<sup>d</sup> Cit. *Dick*! Why, he's of a mild Temper, and loves the King.

3<sup>d</sup> Cit. Here's that Rogue *Ireton*; what's his Business with us, Trow --If he's saucy, I'll run my Nawl in his A---.

*Enter Ireton.*

*Ireton.* Fellow-Citizens!

3<sup>d</sup> Cit. None of your Fellows.

*Ireton.* Gentlemen.

3<sup>d</sup> Cit. Humph! stand aside there; what wou'd you say?

*Ireton.* *Oliver* of pious Memory,

3<sup>d</sup> Cit. Impious Memory, very well.

*Ireton.* Being dead,

3<sup>d</sup> Cit. Well, how can I help that?

*Ireton.* Bequeath'd his Protectorship to his Son *Richard*,

3<sup>d</sup> Cit. Well I knew that before. [*Aloud.*

*Ireton.* Who refuses to accept the Charge?

3<sup>d</sup> Cit. What, and so you'd have it, hah?

*Ireton.* No, Sir; the Council have appointed Commissioners to rule over the Commonwealth, hoping the Concurrence of you the worthy Citizens of *London*.

Cit. Hum, hum, hum.

[*They confer.*  
*Ire-*



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*Ireton.* I wait your Answers.

*3d Cit.* Why, to tell you the Truth, we have had so little liking to *Noll's* Government, (who, by the Way, had more Sense in his little Finger than you have in your whole Body) that, in short, we want to have our King sent for Home.

*Ireton.* I'll have you punish'd for this stubborn Answer.

*3d Cit.* Here comes one may chance to punish you, (so I heard a Bird whistle) — ay, 'tis *Monk*, i'faith.

*Ireton.* Yes, you shall know him, Rascal, to your Cost; he is our Partner in the Covenant.

*Enter General Monk with Soldiers.*

*Monk.* Seize on that Traytor strait, and quick convey him to *Peters* and the rest of that vile Crew.

*Ireton.* How now, good *Monk*, pray what means this Violence?

*Monk.* You soon shall know, in the mean time to Prison.

*Ireton.* How *Monk*! I always thought you a Bigot unto the good old Cause and Covenant!

*Monk,*

*King* CHARLES II. 47

*Monk.* I'm not the first has been misled by  
Hypocrites,  
With conscientious Motives of Religion!  
The Nation's Good, and other artful Pleas!  
So *Fairfax* was; I too (poor Man) like  
him,  
Believ'd your false Insinuations true;  
But when I found your Cant was all Pre-  
tence,  
Your Views were Gain, that he prey'd on  
Widow's Tears  
And Orphan's Blood, — that you were  
all as Princes,  
Exclusive only in the *Name* of Kings;  
I thought the *Restoration* of my Sovereign,  
The best Expedient to redeem the Land;  
And now, you worthy loyal Citizens,  
Prepare to entertain King *Charles* the Se-  
cond,  
This Night, if the Wind hold, land him  
safe.

*Cit.* Huzzah! Down with the *Rumps*.

*Monk.* In the mean time prepare you for  
your Tryal, which will be soon with the  
other Regicides; away with him, weep *Ire-*  
*ton*, and Repent.

[*Exeunt* Monk, Ireton, and Soldiers.

*Cit*,

*The Restauration of*

*Cit.* Huzzah! Down with the *Rumps*.

*3d Cit.* You silly Dogs! Down with the *Rumps*! Up with the *Rumps* you mean!

*[Makes a sign of Hanging;*

*Cit.* Ay, ay, up with the *Rumps*, Huzzah!

*[Exeunt.*

*Enter Miss Lane in mean Cloaths.*

# A I R XX.

## *Fond Eccbo.*

Oh! when shall I find out out my Dear?

O where for Relief shall I fly!

Come, Death, now, and end my Despair,

In Pain 'tis a Pleasure to die.

Oh! let me but clasp him again,

And we never, no never will part,

(Thou most loving, and loyal of Men,) *[Sings]*

Till *Hymen* has made us one Heart.

What shall I do! and how shall I subsist!

The bloody Villains have seiz'd on my Father,

To Prison hurried the old Loyal one,

Forfeited his Estate, destroy'd his House,

And



And turn'd me almost naked, wide to wander  
To beg my Bread, O woeful dismal Day ;  
Here's one looks like an honest Cavalier !  
Dear Sir, please to bestow your Charity  
On a poor loyal Maid.

*Enter* Carlos

*Carlos.* My Charity !  
Defend me Heaven !

*M. Lane.* O Happiness, my *Carlos* !

[*Embrace*;

*Carlos.* O my Soul's Comfort ! Sudden Joy  
Confounds me.

How cam'st thou in this miserable Plight ?

*M. Lane.* My piteous Tale is now too long  
to say,

But tell me how thou didst since last I saw  
thee ?

*Carlos.* Ever employ'd my Thoughts, (my  
Love) on thee,  
When not contriving Acts of Loyalty.

*M. Lane.* How fares the King ? Where is  
his Majesty ?

*Carlos.* Are you a Stranger to the blessed  
News !

Have you not heard what honest *Monk* has  
done ?

*M. Lane.* Tell me my *Carlos*, has he hid  
the King ?

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*Carlos.* The Gods be prais'd there is no  
need of that,  
For *Monk*, by secret Marches, came to *London*,  
And with his Army did surprize the Faction,  
Proclaim'd the King, whom all with Joy expect,

To enter every Moment.

*M. Lane.* Then my, *Carlos*,  
There is but one thing more to make me  
Blest,  
Send strait to *Bristol* to my aged Father,  
And gently break this gladsome News to him,  
Lest sudden Joy, on hearing of it, shou'd  
Drive him beyond the Bounds of human  
Reason.

*Carlos.* I shall, my Love, and now my King's  
restor'd,  
Love shall with Pleasure all my Toils reward.

*M. Lane.* Yes, now my King, and *Carlos* is  
return'd,  
Love shall preside, and no past Toils be  
mourn'd.

A I R XXI.

*Blow on the Winds.*

*Car.* Fly, fly, you lazy, lazy, Hours,  
Pass swift, O fleetly fly!

I'll on Love's Altar thank the Powers  
For this transporting Joy. O'er

*King* CHARLES II. 51

O'er power'd with Bliss, by those bright  
[Charms,

If I expiring lye,  
Incircled in thy snowy Arms,  
Sleep will be Extacy! [Exeunt.

*Scene draws and discovers the Mob  
round a Bonfire, over which is a  
Gallows with several Rumps roast-  
ing on it.*

A I R XX.

*How Happy a Sailor's Life passes.*

1<sup>st</sup> Mob. How happy a Subject's Life passes,  
Who safely enjoys at his Ease,  
The Sweat of his Brow in full Glasses,  
And labours or plays when he  
please. [Drinks.

A Health now to King Charles the  
Second.

Long over this Land may he reign,  
The King of good Fellows he's reck-  
on'd,  
So pledge me again and again.  
[Drinks.



*The Restauration of*

A *Rump* is most delicate eating  
 To fat them has drain'd Blood  
 and Purse,  
 So they in their turn shou'd be treat-  
 ing,  
 And shou'd not grudge to fatten us.  
 [*Drinks.*]

Thank *Monk* for your King's *Resto-  
 ration*,  
 Be that the next Health that goes  
 round,  
 And henceforth that no *Usurpation*,  
 In *England* may ever be found.  
 [*Drinks.*]

A Health to our Shipping and Trade,  
 Boys,  
 (Thro' all the wide World may it  
 spread)  
 And no true *British* Blade, Boys,  
 Be stop'd in it after we're dead.  
 [*Drinks.*]

Pray, turn the *Rumps* well at the Fire,  
 For turning was always their Way;  
 So we, to oblige their Desire,  
 Have turn'd 'em all--out this Day.

*Enter King Charles II. General Monk,  
Colonel Carlos, Miss Lane, and  
Attendants.*

*Carlos.* Now *England*, now rejoice, your  
[Plagues are o'er,  
And Usurpation shall oppress no more :  
*Britannia* now erects her drooping Head,  
And *Halcyon* Days eternally succeed;  
Virtue and Love, their just Rewards may  
[claim,  
And Vice be punish'd with deserved Shame.

*G. Monk.* If my poor Service recompence  
[has made,  
For my past Faults, I then am overpaid.

*King.* To you my Safety, and my Crown  
[I owe,  
For which henceforth my chiefest Favour  
[know,

And Earl of *Albermarle* thy Title be,  
To grace thy Line to all Posterity.  
*Carlos*, to you I am by Friendship ty'd,  
Therefore, from me accept thy loyal Bride.  
And you, my Subjects, take paternal Love,  
As I expect it from the Gods above.

*Omnes.* Long live King *Charles* the Second.

*The Restauration of*

*1st Mob.* I'll tell you what let us do; let's pull old *Oliver* out of his Grave, and fix his Head upon *Westminster-hall*.

*All Mob.* Aye, aye.

*1st Mob.* Let us be even with him that was always at Odds with us.

*Mob.* Huzzah!

[*Exeunt Mob.*]

*Britannia descends.*

A I R XXIII.

*First Strain of Joy to Great CÆSAR.*

*King.* All Hail! to thee Genius,  
Our Guardian Preserver,  
Let Love still between us,  
With Peace flourish ever.

*Britan.* Let Musick resounding  
With Songs crown the Day,  
And Goblets abounding,  
To the *Twenty-ninth of May*.

CHORUS *repeat.*

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F I N I S.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Season being far advanc'd, and the Parliament ready to break up, has occasion'd the hasty publishing this Opera; so I hope the Reader will excuse the many Faults that have escap'd.

I cannot help complaining of a very great Hardship, that, after I had sustain'd the Loss of the Opera not being perform'd, the very Persons, who stop'd it, would insinuate to the World, that it never was intended to be exhibited on any Stage; but, in order to prove that it was to be perform'd, here is a Drama annex'd, with the Persons Names that were to play the Characters, and have now the Parts in their Possession.

King, *Mr. Dove.* Carlos, *Mr. Giles.*  
Ireton, *Mr. Minn.* General Monk,  
*Mr. Cole.* Mess. John, *Mr. Pullen.*  
Lambert,

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Lambert, Mr. Wignell. Cromwell,  
Mr. Jones. Grimbald, Mr. Cross.  
Dick, Mr. James. Britannia, Mrs.  
Pullen. Miss Lane, Mrs. Palms.  
Lady Claypool, Mrs. Radnor. Dame  
rah Mrs. Clarke.

WALTER ASTON.

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